

# THE ARTELL

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 10 1830.

NO. 6

From the Germantown Telegraph.

## TRUE HAPPINESS AN ENEMY TO POMP AND NOISE.

O, where, amid the various scenes,  
That o'er this earth abound;  
Can that bright nymph, true happiness,  
By mortal man be found?

Is she seen in the fev'rish flush,  
That marks ambition's race?  
Or in the furrows deeply plough'd,  
On av'rice scar-worn face?

Or, 'mid the busy bustling crowd  
Of cities, does she tread?  
Or love the hollow laughter loud,  
Of boist'rous folly bred?

Do votaries of vanity,  
Her sweet influence feel?  
Or syren songs of luxury,  
Aught of her presence tell?

No!—vanity and grandeur may  
Show splendor rich and rare,  
As that which decks Italia's skies,  
When Sol is sitting there.

Ambition may display his power,  
And Luxury his ease,  
And Av'rice spread his heaps of gold—  
She will not smile on these.

Though silken seats, and sumptuous feasts,  
Before her eyes are laid,  
She shuns the vain and faithless smile,  
And seeks the silent shade.

Her fleeting form is often seen  
Around the quiet hearth!  
Far from the ignus-satus gleam  
Of folly's heartless mirth.

And from war's thunder-voice, she flies,  
Where all fell passions live;  
And far from throngs of noisy towns,  
Where jarring int'rests thrive.

But where the dews of heaven lay long,  
By the sequester'd grot;  
And where the riv'let's rippling flow—  
There is her earthly cot.

No noisy mirth—no gay parades;  
No pomp, to me, be giv'n;  
But be my lot life's lowly shades,  
Till I go home to heav'n.

## MISCELLANY.

### ROMANTIC STORY OF A CYGANI.

The following is an extraordinary instance of the repugnance with which the Hungarian peasants, and even the more elevated class, regard the cygani [gypsies] of Hungary. The story occurs in an article on the subject of this peculiar race, in The British Magazine; and is from the pen of the author of Stories of a Bride.—

"A beautiful Hungarian girl, named Suzette, had formed a strong attachment for Maygar, a youthful gypsy, whose fine figure and noble, nay, intellectual countenance, were certainly quite enough to justify her partiality. It is almost needless to add that Maygar returned her passion with fervor; [for the vehement feelings of these children of the south are too well known to require remark] still, however, there was no hope of the lovers being united. The father of Suzette, though nominally a vassal to his territorial lord, possessed great wealth in stores and herds; and priding himself upon the purity of his blood, shrank from the cygani as from creatures of a different genus, whilst the fathers of the

tribe, the immediate and blood relations of Maygar, were equally opposed to what they also considered a degradation. Notwithstanding these obstacles, the young people's love remained unshaken, and the happiest moments of Suzette's life were those which she spent in the open wooden gallery which ran round the upper story of her father's house, listening to the wild songs which Maygar chanted to his cittern, or guitar, in the woods below.

"Spring and Summer had passed away since the passion of the unfortunate lovers had been discovered by their respective relatives, without the least prospect of an amelioration in the hardship of their destiny. Fortune, however, at length seemed tired of frowning upon them, and charitably threw an opportunity in the way of Maygar of being serviceable to the family of his mistress. It was autumn, and the abundant crops which had blest the fields of Suzette's father had been carefully gathered and stored in the large wooden gallery we have before alluded to, when during a violent storm, lightning struck the dwelling, and the whole was instantly in a blaze. The terrified inmates rushed out in a state bordering upon distraction, all but Suzette, who fled instinctively to the gallery, and was there seen amidst the burning stores, apparently devoted to destruction. The agony of her father was indescribable: 'Save my child!' vociferated he, 'and I will give you whatever you may ask.' For some moments the spectators stood aghast, but soon bursting from the crowd was seen a young man, whom all present recognized to be Maygar. Under the influence of such strongly excited feelings, his success was certain; for, when powerfully agitated, the human frame can sometimes almost perform miracles; he swung to the burning rafters, supporting himself by incredible exertions and encountering the most imminent dangers with such intrepidity as to obtain shouts of approbation from the crowd, till he reached Suzette, and was soon seen descending with his lovely mistress in his arms. The transport of the father was unbounded: but, alas! when Maygar claimed, as his promised reward, the fair being he had undergone so much to save, he was chilled by a look of the bitterest scorn and reminded of his gypsy parentage.

"Had the poorest Hungarian laborer in the fields saved my daughter," said the stern father, 'I would have given her to him; but she shall never wed one of the cygani.'

"It was useless to remonstrate, and, without daring to complain of the father's want of faith, Maygar determined still to win his daughter. The Hungarian peasants are slaves, both in body and mind, to their territorial lords, and Maygar knew that if he could win the favor of the graf, upon whose estate they resided, the father of Suzette would be compelled to give his consent to his daughter's marriage. It would take us too long to detail the means which Maygar employed to effect his purpose; the graf was old and unbending, difficult of access, and heedless of the feelings of others. Patience, however, never fails to conquer in the end; and few had stronger motives for perseverance than poor Maygar.—Fortunate circumstances introduced him to the notice of the count; and, at length, his services in the defence of his patron's castle against a band of predatory Wallachians obtained for him the wished for mandate. Armed with this he flew to the residence of Suzette's father, and had the satisfaction to find

the old man perfectly submissive to his lord's will—but an unexpected obstacle still awaited the ardent lover, and this was of a nature so strange, and yet so insurmountable, that his hopes withered at the blow, and his reason fled never to return.

"Notwithstanding the length of their acquaintance, very little personal intercourse had taken place between the lovers. Suzette was naturally romantic, and had been so powerfully struck with the fine person of Maygar, his almost silent adoration, and the enthusiasm with which he had encountered every species of trial for her sake, as to resolve (as long as she considered their union impracticable) to live single for his sake; but this case was quite altered when she found him come actually to claim her hand. Then all her early prejudices recurred to her recollection—the wild stories of the vampire-like propensities of the cygani, their unholy rites, and the disgrace which attached itself to all associated with them, shook her with horror at the bare idea of giving her hand to one of the tribe. The sylph-like lover of her imagination had vanished, and the gypsy youth, in all the degrading circumstances of his real situation, stood confessed before her. The struggle, though short, was violent—the devoted love of Maygar—his sufferings—and last, though certainly not the least, his handsome person, weighed strongly upon her mind, yet could not conquer her aversion; and strange to say, the pride of birth in a peasant girl of one of the wildest and most uncultivated countries in the world, was sufficient to overpower all her better feelings. Poor Maygar was refused, and the shock overpowered him so completely that he became a helpless idiot; whilst his repentant mistress, agitated by contending passions, and unable to bear the sight of the misery she had occasioned, sank gradually into an untimely grave."

### ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

"When Bonaparte was paying his court to Madame de Beauharnois," says de Bourrienne, "neither of them kept a carriage, and he being passionately in love, and a most assiduous suitor, escorted his intended about the town, and especially on her visits to her agent's. They went one day together to the office of the notary Raguideau, who, by the bye, was one of the smallest men I have ever seen. Madame de Beauharnois, who placed great confidence in Raguideau, had come to him that day expressly for the purpose of communicating her intention of accepting the hand of the young general of artillery, the protege of Barras. Josephine was accordingly closeted along with the notary, while Bonaparte waited in the outer office, occupied by the clerks. The door of Raguideau's cabinet, however, not being shut close, the General overheard the lawyer dissuading Madame Beauharnois from the marriage she was about to contract. 'You are very imprudent,' said the notary: 'you may have to repent this step as long as you live; it is madness to go and marry a man who has nothing but his sword to depend on.' 'Bonaparte,' said Josephine, when she told me these prior circumstances, 'had never alluded to this, and I had heard what Raguideau had said. Imagine my astonishment then, Bourrienne, when on the day of the coronation, as soon as he had put on the imperial robes, he said, 'Go and find Raguideau, and bring him here immediately. Ra-

guideau soon made his appearance, and the Emperor said to him, 'Well, and have I nothing now but my sword to depend on?' Eight years had elapsed since the scene at the office of the notary; and Bonaparte, although he had borne in mind the discourse of M. Raguideau, had never mentioned that he was privy to it, to a single soul, even to De Bourrienne, at the time when he was in the habit of making his Secretary the confidant and depository of all his projects and secrets."—*De Bourrienne's Memoirs.*

**HABITS OF SHEEP.—LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.**—They perseveringly follow their leader wherever he goes. Of this singular disposition, Dr. Anderson informs us that he once witnessed an instance in the town of Liverpool. A butcher's boy was driving about 20 fat wethers through the town; but they ran down a street, along which he did not want them to go. He observed a scavenger at work with his broom little way before them, and called out loudly for him to stop the sheep. The man accordingly did what he could to turn them back, running from side to side, always opposing himself to their passage, and brandishing his broom with great dexterity; but the sheep, being much agitated, pressed forward, and at last one of them came close up to the man, who, fearing it was about to jump over his head while he was stooping, grasped the short broomstick in both hands, and held it over his head. He stood for a few seconds in this position, when the sheep made a spring and jumped fairly over him, without touching the broom. The first had no sooner cleared this impediment, than another followed, and another, in quick succession, that the man, perfectly confounded, seemed to lose all recollection, and stood in the same attitude till the whole had jumped over him, not one of them attempting to pass on either side, though the street was quite clear.

**STANDARD OF THE JANISSARIES.**—Odd as it may seem, a soup kettle is the standard of the Janissaries, an emblem rather more appropriate for a court of Aldermen. Dr. Walsh says that he saw in Constantinople, an extraordinary greasy-looking fellow dressed in a leather jacket, covered with ornaments of tin, bearing in his hand a lash of several leather thongs; he was followed by two men, also fantastically dressed, supporting a pole on their shoulders, from which hung a large copper kettle. They walked through the main streets with an air of great authority, and all the people hastily got out of the way. This he found on inquiry was the soup kettle of a corps of Janissaries, and always held in high respect; indeed, so distinguished a characteristic of this body is their soup, that their colonel is called Tchorbadje, or the distributor of soup. Their kettle, therefore, is in fact, their standard, and when ever that is brought forward, it is the signal of some desperate enterprise, and in a short time 20,000 men have been known to rally round their odd insignia of war. Apropos, have they not something to do with kettle drums.

When Mary, queen of Scotland, in the full bloom of her beauty, was walking in a procession at Paris, a woman forced her way through the crowd to touch her. Upon being asked what she meant by her bold intrusion, she said, it was only to satisfy herself whether so angelic a creature were flesh and blood.—*Granger.*

## SELECT TALES.

## THE HURONS.—A TALE.

By the Author of "Sir Andrew Wylye."

At the head of lake Ontario, a long, narrow strip of land separates its clear waters from a smaller expanse, generally known by the name of Burlington Bay. Along the northern part of the beach, as this strip is called, close under the residence of Brant, the Mohawk chieftain, number of detached, picturesque trees, grow upon the sand, curiously festooned with gigantic vines interwoven among their branches; and in the ground beneath, at short intervals, are many square artificial hollows, the remains of a fortified camp of a party of Huron Indians, who resisted the original invasion of their hunting grounds, when the French first attempted to establish military posts in that remote wilderness.

At first sight, it seems strange that the Hurons should have advanced so far to meet the enemies of their independence; but a cursory inspection of the map, will serve to show, that in taking this advanced position they were guided by a military eye of no common perspicacity. The country on their right and left was covered with a forest penetrable only by Indians; rule ascents and steep precipices rose in the midst of it, presenting a vast rampart of great extent against access from the low country.

It is evident, from the choice of their position, that the Hurons expected the French to arrive in boats; and to prevent them from penetrating into Burlington Bay, was, without doubt, the motive which induced them to prefer it. Whether they were ever attacked in that position is no longer remembered, but an adventure of a party of them during the time they were encamped at this place is not excelled by any demonstration of resolution in the records of ancient heroism.

The French had in the mean time constructed Fort St. Louis, at the mouth of the river Niagara, at which the Indians became alarmed, and sent out a strong detachment, who intrenched themselves on the rising ground of the opposite bank, where Fort George is now situated.

In taking this new position, which evidently demonstrated courage and defiance, the Hurons did not sufficiently consider the superiority which the French possessed in their boats. It was easy at any time for the garrison of Fort St. Louis to attack the Indian intrenchments; but the Hurons had no engines capable of disturbing the embattled walls and sheltered quarters of their enemies. The few rude canoes which they had formed on the spot were unfit for warlike purposes.

What was wanting to these brave people in the machinery of war, was supplied by their ingenuity; they employed their canoes in fishing, and the sentinels on the walls of the fortress were frequently found pierced with arrows. This annoyance from the canoes inflamed the garrison; and it was determined to dislodge the Indians.

The night appointed for the enterprise was at the change of the moon, when no light save that of the stars, could shine upon the adventure. The command was given to the Chevalier La Porte, a young officer of aspiring bravery, and beloved by all the garrison. The boats belonging to the fortress were collected, torches were prepared, and grenades together with many other instruments of combustion, to fire the stakes and fences of the Indian fortification. The enterprise was against warriors who were never known to have yielded.

The Hurons had no intelligence of these preparations; but their natural sagacity apprised them that they could not expect to remain long in their strong hold unmolested. While their enemies were concerting the means of their destruction, they were no less active in augmenting their defence. In this crisis the incident took place which we have now to describe.

While the preparations for the expedition

were going forward, the wife of La Porte was induced by the beauty of the weather to embark with her child for a sail under the walls of Fort St. Louis. The wind happened to blow strong from lake Ontario, and she in consequence directed her pinnace to be rowed in the lee of the high banks up the river. In the course of this little excursion the boat was drawn into one of the whirlpools; and though saved from the vortex by the dexterity of the rowers, was thrown over towards the Canadian shore, and captured by some of the Indians, who were fishing near the spot.

La Porte, on hearing the misfortune of his lady and child, became impatient to rescue them, and to revenge the insults which he conceived his wife must have suffered. Accordingly, it was determined that the attack on the Indian camp should be made on that night; and soon after dark the troops were embarked. It was a gloomy night—the sky was overcast—the wind was gusty—the waters of the lake were muddy and troubled—and the heavens and the earth were ominously darkened, as if fate frowned on the expedition. But nevertheless the gallant Frenchmen reached the Canadian shore, and approached in silence towards the palisades of the Indian encampment.

The Hurons, in the joy of having taken prisoner the wife of their most intrepid adversary, had spent the fore part of the evening in revelry and gladness; but, tired of their feasting, when the French approached, were in a profound sleep, and, regardless of danger, were without their usual watch. But there was a faithful dog among them; and the soft footing of the enemy's advance could not be concealed from his vigilant ears. As they drew near he began to bark—first at intervals; but his alarm gradually became louder and louder, until he had roused the Indians from their fatal security. While they were rallying, La Porte advanced his troops close to the palisades, and poured a shower of fire and lead through the apertures. The Indians, notwithstanding their surprise and confusion, made a desperate resistance. They mounted their assigned posts, and, with heroic resolution, defended themselves against their enemies, who, having sealed the enclosure, advanced upon them sword in hand, cutting down all who opposed their progress.

In the meantime, La Porte, anxious to rescue his wife, frequently called her loudly by name; and at last she heard his voice, and replied with an exclamation of joy.

The Indians on hearing this, believed she was the object of the enterprise, and formed a rampart around her, and the infant she had in her arms. The French attacked them with the animation peculiar to their character; but it was in vain. The Indians repulsed them with their spears, and raised a wall of the slain before themselves. La Porte almost distracted, commanded the torches and combustibles to be lighted, and the wigwams in which the squaws and papooses of the Indians were lodged to be set on fire. The flames spread with alarming rapidity—the shrieks and screams of the burning victims pierced the hearts even of the infuriated French; but the Indians stood in their places like adamant, with a constancy of purpose that the adventures of European war have never surpassed. By the light of the flames, the Indians were enabled to make a fearful retaliation—they bent their bows and drew their arrows from their quivers, and in the first shower of their shafts every arrow bore a bullet to the heart of an enemy. Another such desolating volley had destroyed the French; but at this crisis one of the sachems, fixing his eye on La Porte, called on his Indian companions to stay their arrows for a moment; and placing one on his own bowstring, he levelled it at the breast of the intrepid Frenchman.

The sachem was standing at the time beside Madame La Porte, and by that circumstance he was protected from the muskets of the assailants. On both sides there was a

pause—the fate of La Porte, seemed inevitable—when his lady, with heroic presence of mind, as the bow was drawn to its full bent, snatched a burning brand, and dashed it at the hand of the sachem,—the harmless arrow dropped at his feet, the French raised a shout—La Porte rushed on the sachem, and sabred him to the ground. This decided the conflict for a time. The Indians made no further resistance, but fled from their encampment, and abandoned all to their enemies.

Here the curious sagacity of the Indians in this desperate condition of their affairs, showed itself. On escaping from the entrenchments of their camp, instead of scattering themselves, they all instinctively ran, as if they had been directed by a command, to the spot where the boats of their enemies were lying, and cut them adrift. They then planted themselves under the bank, and, with bent bows and fixed arrows, waited the return of the French. La Porte when he found the camp abandoned, mustered his men, and led them back to where they had left the boats, with the intention of re-embarking. The Indians heard them coming, and suppressed their breathing. The French drew near, and went straight to embark: those who were foremost gave the alarm, that the boats were gone. In the same moment a shower of the Indian arrows made dreadful havoc among them. La Porte was standing with his wife and her child leaning on his arm, when this terrible ambuscade so suddenly burst upon his men. But possessing that presence of mind which qualified him to undertake the difficult enterprise in which he was engaged, he directed his wife to lie down with her child; and calling to such of the soldiers as had torches and combustibles, to light them, and to plant them on the ground, he charged the Indians in their lurking places under the bank, and before many of them could escape, he was their master again. The conquest was now unequal. The Indians, however, rallied on the top of the bank; and the torches illuminating the shore, enabled them to take perfect aim at the French. La Porte, though he escaped himself, saw with dreadful feelings his men falling around him one by one.

By this time the garrison of Fort St. Louis, anxious spectators, had discerned by the lights on the shore that the boats were thrown adrift, and justly apprehending from that circumstance that their comrades had the worst of the conflict, manned the two or three boats which remained at the garrison, and went to their assistance. They arrived at the critical moment when the Chevalier La Porte and his few remaining companions were exhausted with fatigue, and their ammunition nearly all expended. The reinforcements cheered the French and dismayed the Indians, who, nevertheless, with the constancy of their fearless nature, maintained themselves upon the top of the bank; and the heavens having by this time cleared up, their tall forms darkly seen by the star-light, presented conspicuous targets, as it were, to the aims of the French; thus, in their turn, they fell as fast as the soldiers of La Porte, whom they had so nearly destroyed. Victory being now decidedly with the French, La Porte was anxious to re-embark his few remaining men; but as the Indians stood firm, the honor of the French would not permit them to listen to prudent counsels, and with one voice they declared their determination not to retreat.

In the mean time Madame La Porte, who, with her child, had continued lying on the ground, to escape the arrows of the Indians, during a short pause in the battle, raised herself, holding her child in her arms, to see the aspect of the conflict; while in this position she was discovered by an Indian, and almost in the same moment the infant was pierced with an arrow. She felt him shudder—and then he was dead, but she clung to the lifeless body, and again stretched herself on the ground.

At this moment, La Porte seeing that the firmness of the Indians was not to be over-

come by attacking them in front, despatched a few of his men under the bank of the river to attack them in the rear. This maneuver was successful. The Indians finding themselves between two fires, uttered a wild shout and again fled; but it was not the flight of defeat. They rallied in the darkness, and before the French could reach them they were descending towards the landing-place, through a narrow path which wound through the bushes towards the bank where the boats lay. Here they found Madame La Porte lying on the ground, still embracing her lifeless infant; and one of them was on the point of despatching her with his tomahawk. It happened, however, that among the French who had fallen there was one, who, though severely wounded, was able to use his right hand, with which he still grasped his sword. Seeing the peril of the lady, in the same moment that the Huron raised his tomahawk, the wounded man, with a desperate effort, plunged his sword into the heart of the savage. By the exertion he in the same instant expired.

At day-light the two bodies were seen as they died. The Indian's holding the tomahawk, was still in the position, though he lay upon his back, in which he had raised his arm; and the Frenchman's sword stood in the heart of the Indian, grasped with seemingly the energy with which it had been fixed there.

During this conflict on the shore, La Porte, who had hurried up the steep bank with his men, in quest of the fugitive Indians, not finding them, returned to re-embark, satisfied with his victory; but when he again reached the top of the bank, and saw, by the gleam of the morning, which now began to dapple the east, the Indians in possession of the boats and the landing place, with his lady besmeared with blood, he was for a moment struck with consternation: it was, however, only for a moment. The undaunted courage, and the bold expedients with which the unconquerable Hurons had fought and circumvented him, fired his French emulation, and he determined not to leave the field while a single Indian remained. A few words told this resolution to his men. They shared his pride and spirit, and with a unanimous voice they cried, as if inspired simultaneously by the same instinct. "Let each take his man!"—and rushed down upon the Indians, of whom as many as there were French men almost in the same instant fell beneath their swords.

Only three of these determined warriors now remained. Yet these three stood as resolute in stern sublimity as if they were still surrounded by their heroic companions. They fixed their arrows to their bowstrings, and were on the point of taking aim, when two of them were pierced with as many bullets. Such unsurpassed heroism moved the admiration of all the French, and La Porte ordered that last warrior to be spared. But the Huron would not accept the boon. His arrow was ready in the bow—he raised it—took aim—and it quivered through the heart of La Porte. He himself sunk at the same time under the swords of every Frenchman who was near enough to inflict a blow.

So ended this intrepid adventure. The bodies of La Porte and his child were placed in one of the boats, and, with Madame La Porte, were slowly conveyed to the garrison. The bodies of the slain were next morning buried by the French where they lay.

## YOUTH.

Oh! enviable, early days,  
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,  
To care, to grieve, unknown?  
How ill exchang'd for riper time,  
To feel the follies, or the crime,  
Of others, or my own!  
Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport,  
Like linnets in the bush,  
Ye little know the ills ye court,  
When manhood is your wish?  
The losses, the crosses,  
That active men engage;  
The fears all, the tears all,  
Of dim-declining age.—*Burns.*

**HISTORICAL.****DEATH OF GEORGE THE FIRST.**

He set out for Hanover on the 2d of June; and on the 9th was entertained by Count Twittel at a country-house near Delden. Early the next morning he departed from Delden, and soon felt indisposition: at Ippenburen he grew lethargic, his tongue hung out of his mouth, and he could only keep repeating the word Osnaburg, Osnaburg. His valet immediately got on horse-back and rode to the palace of the king's brother, the Bishop of Osnaburg; but when the carriage arrived there the king was quite dead. His death was attributed to a melon he ate the night before, which others affirm was an orange. Walpole said more truly, that he died of thinking he never could die. The Duchess of Kendal, who was on her way from Delden at the time, retired for three months to Brunswick: and afterwards resided at Kendal House, Isleworth, till her death, which happened in 1731. A rayen, which one day flew into her room, was always cherished by her as the ghost of the departed monarch. There is another person, besides the mistress, whose fate deserves mention in this place. Sophia Dorothy of Zell, the daughter of William, Duke of Zell, by Eleanor d'Emiers, of the French family of Olbreuse was married at sixteen to George the First, then electoral prince. She brought him a son and daughter, but was soon neglected for a mistress. During the absence of the prince with the army, Count Konigsmark arrived at Hanover: he was a man of professed galantry, and had avowed his admiration for the princess before her marriage. The elector was told that his daughter-in-law received him late in the evening in her own apartment: the Count was watched; and one night, as he left the palace by a private way, he was assassinated by the orders, and in the presence, of the elector. The public feeling, shocked at this murder, pronounced itself in favour of the princess: it was generally believed that she was innocent, and that Konigsmark had been drawn to the spot by the artifice of a favorite mistress of Ernest Augustus, who had substituted another person for the princess. The prince, however, on his return from the army, implicitly believed the guilt of his wife and caused her to be immured in the castle of Adelen, where she was confined for thirty-two years, and died only seven months before her husband. Her crime was never proved; that of her father-in-law is but too well authenticated. Her son, George the Second, who was convinced of her innocence secretly kept in his possession a picture of his mother; and on the morning after the news of the king's decease reached London, the portrait appeared in his antechamber. The animosity which had existed between the late and present king gave rise to a curious circumstance. Archbishop Wake, who was intrusted with the will of the deceased monarch, when the time for its being opened arrived, presented it to his successor, who, to the surprise of every one, put it into his pocket, and stalked out of the room; nor was it ever heard of more. He said, in palliation of this act, that George the First had destroyed two wills made in favour of his son. It should likewise be mentioned, that by the law of England the will would not have been valid: all property, real as well as personal, of the king decends with the crown.

**THE POISON WORKS.**—An intelligent and sprightly youth of 16 years of age, was committed to the House of Refuge a few days since by his father, under peculiarly painful circumstances. His parents are respectable and pious people, who have by precept and example labored to train up their children in the paths of innocence and virtue. But the spoiler came in the shape of a woman. The lad in question is one of four sons. He was an apprentice and subsequently entered as a clerk, in highly respectable employ. After

Fanny Wright, Timothy Jenkins, & Co. established their Belzebub Institute in this city, an elder brother became one of their converts, and by much entreaty prevailed upon his brothers successively to visit the miscalled "Hall of Science," in Broome street. The four sons, all young, soon embraced principles so congenial to those who wish to be released from all restraint, moral, religious, and parental, and the unhappy parents are now beginning to reap the bitter fruits. The authority of the parents has been utterly cast off, in obedience to the doctrines of the sorceress, and other acts committed in further illustration of her principles. Indications were further discovered by the father, of a disposition on the part of one at least of the sons, to practice upon the doctrine of a community of property without the consent of the parties concerned—a grade of moral improvement considerably in advance of agrarianism.—Under these circumstances, the wretched parents have resorted to the painful alternative of confining their son in the Refuge, where it is to be hoped he may be reclaimed from the path of guilt in which he was so early commencing his career.—*Com. Adv.*

**BRAZILIAN COURTSHIP.**—While at dinner, a negro girl who had attended us, seemed fraught with some important intelligence, and continued to look mysterious, grinning with her white teeth, and making signs which neither my companion nor I comprehended. We afterwards discovered that it was connected with a curious trait of Brazilian manners. The old man and his wife had no children, so they sent for a brother's child to keep them company, and manage their family. This young lady was very comely, and having a prospect of a good inheritance from her uncle, she thought it right to look out for some agreeable and worthy partner to share it with. My companion, possessing these requisites, had caught the eye of the fair Victoria; and not having an opportunity of speaking to him herself, had communicated, by means of the attendant slave, her partiality for him, and an intimation that, if he was actuated by similar sentiments, she would marry with him and share with him the inheritance she expected from her good uncle. This deviation from the established etiquette of European usage does not convey any imputation of want of delicacy on the ladies. Victoria was as modest as she was comely: she sat in a remote part of the house with her aunt, superintending her domestic concerns, and seeming retired and disdained, and not at all disposed to attract the admiration of any other person than him on whom she had fixed her affections.

From Sir Walter Scott's New Work.

**SONG.**

When friends are met o'er merry cheer,  
And lovely eyes are laughing near,  
And in the goblet's bosom clear  
The cares of day are drown'd;  
When puns are made, and bumpers quaff'd,  
And wild Wit shoots his roving shaft,  
And Mirth his jovial laugh has laughed,  
Then is our banquet crown'd,  
Ah gay,  
Then is our banquet crown'd.  
  
When glee are sung, and catches troll'd,  
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,  
And beauty is no longer cold,  
And age no longer dull,  
When chimes are brief, and cocks do crow,  
To tell us it is time to go,  
Yet how to part we do not know,  
Then is our feast at full,  
Ah gay,  
Then is our feast at full.

**EPITAPH ON JOAN CARTHEW.**

Here lies the body of Joan Cartew,  
Born at St. Columb, died at St. Cue;  
Children she had five,  
Three are dead, and two alive;  
Those that are dead, chusing rather  
To die with their mother, than live with their  
father.

**LITERARY.**

*Camden, a Tale of the South.* Philadelphia, Carey & Lea.

We picked up the two neat duodecimos just issued under the above title, hoping to find a rival of Cooper. Our country and its history have points and incidents well calculated for the pen of the novelist, and it was with pride we hailed Cooper's attempts in this line, though truth to say, his productions are not *quite* as superior as we could wish. As for Camden, we have little to say in its favor. It is probably the first bantling of some young man who has mistaken his talents, and perpetrated a book, which, if he has enemies, will give them great pleasure. "Oh! that mine enemy had written a book," that I might review it, continues to be the wish of many a discomfitted dabbler in literature. Where the trashy novel writers find readers, is a question it would be hard to solve; but that they are found, is proved beyond doubt by the ever teeming offspring of the authors. It is obvious that a great deal of *something* is eaten; and it is now more the quality than the quantity, which distinguishes the real lover of the belles-lettres from the silly girl who riots upon nothing but trash. As to remembering, that is out of the question; there is nothing to remember; and so we go on reading, and reading, and loading the brain with nonsense, till it becomes a confused Babel of strange languages and tongues, and when an idea, or an historical fact is wanted for a useful purpose, the repositories of the mind are ransacked in vain. The title seems now to be everything—a popular publisher, which means one who publishes books without reading them, has a set of customers who take so many copies of each new production. Hence he makes his calculation, and goes on publishing as fast as the printer can set the types, while in the frequently repeated cry of the master workman for copy, anything and everything is thrown off.

We do not mean to apply these remarks to the publishers of the volumes before us. They have made public many of the standard works of the day; but in printing Camden, we must say we think they have acted contrary to their usual judgment. We labored hard to find some better passages than the following. In order to let our readers see the grounds of our condemnation, and to judge a little for themselves, we insert a few short extracts. The dialogue, of which the principal part of the book consists, is rarely equal to the sample—

"I know one thing of the Virginians," retorted his antagonist, "that if victory went to whoever could brag the loudest, Virginny would soon be mistress of the world. For I never yet saw a man from there, who did not talk as if there was nothing fit to eat, or drink, or wear, but in Virginny; when, God knows, if all the rest of the State is like what I've seen, the man that lives there, might sell his teeth to the highest bidder, for he'll never have no use for them. The corn there grew so low that the niggers almost broke their backs in stooping to gather it; and I heard an old man swear, that he had to grease his back with rancoon oil every night, to keep it from breaking!"

In another page we find the following—

"Of all the British officers who served in America—I mean of all the generals—Cornwallis was the only one who proved himself capable of making long continued sacrifices of personal ease and pleasure, for the purpose of promoting the great object of war. Sir William Howe was a voluptuary, although man of some talent. His successes were certainly overrated, and to his supine negligence, and devotion to his own ease, *America undoubtedly owes her Independence!!* Cornwallis, from the commencement to the close of his career, displayed a fixity of purpose, and a keen and vigorous pro-

secution of those means which were best calculated to effect it, to which Howe and Clinton were both strangers; and to those who will pay close attention to the campaign of '76, it is almost capable of demonstration, that if Cornwallis had been commander-in-chief, the army of Washington must have been totally destroyed. Rising from his seat with an air of dignity, yet easy affability, he requested the colonel to be seated."

It is something new to us, we confess, to be told of this cause of American Independence. A man about getting his arm cut off after battle, swears in the following polite style—

"Doctor, I feel a villainous twinge in my arm, I think that rascally apprentice of yours has made it worse. Will you look at it this morning?"

**Paul Clifford.**—This new novel by the author of Pelham, is exciting considerable interest, particularly among that portion of the community who are familiar with the present state of British politics. A good judge of books thus describes it—

"The hero of this technical tale of roguery,—or strange political allegory,—is a gifted, magnanimous, daring, philosophical, sentimental, love-sick, fortunate highwayman, a predatory Apollo, who wins the heart and finally the hand and fortune, of a high-born, beautiful, delicate, refined, exquisite country-heiress. His gang are meant to represent members of the present British cabinet and several of the most famous legal, political, or patrician characters; and their jolly patron and landlord shadows out no less a personage than King George IV. The work is a curious medley, replete with satirical allusions and comments, which few American readers will at once comprehend. It has peculiar merits and faults, but we should not readily discover in it the hand of the author of *Devereux*. The scenes and the dialogues of the greater part of the two volumes are those of low and criminal life;—the language requires a glossary, like Gross's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," a collection of slang phrases otherwise Tyburn flash or cant, or *St. Gile's Greek*. The thieves, housebreakers, pickpockets, and tippling-ladies utter coarse jokes and paltry puns without number; their diction and actions are characteristic, while they descend upon the vices of government and rulers, and the perversions and oppressions of the social system. There is much *radical* declamation and discontent; human nature and condition are almost universally exhibited in the most odious light; the villains of the patrician orders are monsters; "common cursetors" or vagabonds and trulks have their redeeming virtues and blandishments; the comrades of the Apollo shine like *Macheaths*, Wilds, and Robin Hoods."

The following is said to be a key to some of the characters in *PAUL CLIFFORD*:

Gentleman George,	The King,
Fighting Attie,	Duke of Wellington.
Long Ned,	Lord Ellenborough.
Scarlet Jeen,	Sir J. Scarlett.
Mr. Dyebright,	Mr. Nash, architect.
Bachelor Bill,	Duke of Devonshire.
Cunning Nat,	Mr. Huskinson.
The Sallow Gentleman,	Mr. Huskinson.

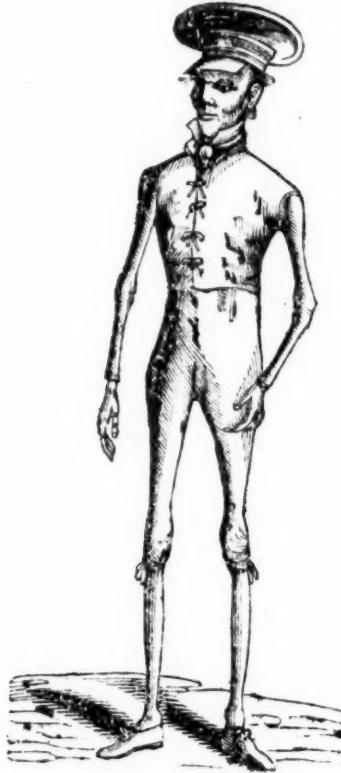
We are certain that all will read the novel with interest, and all will admire the talents of the writer—there will be some difference of opinion touching the uses to which he has applied his powers. Paul Clifford should receive a regular examination.

**PARTING.**

When forc'd to part from those we love,  
Though sure to meet to-morrow;  
We yet a kind of anguish prove  
And feel a touch of sorrow.  
But oh! what words can paint the fears  
When from those friends we sever,  
Perhaps to part for months—for years—  
Perhaps to part forever.

## LIVING SKELETONS.

The engraving which follows is a correct likeness, in every respect, of CALVIN EDSON, the skeleton now exhibiting himself in this city. We gave so full a description of him in our paper two weeks ago, as to make any thing additional, in regard to his history, superfluous. Our citizens continue to visit him in crowds.



The older the world grows, and the more we learn, the more wonderful does the genius and knowledge displayed by Shakespeare seem. His powers of observation are only equalled by his ability to describe natural objects, as well as the workings of the mind of man. We once saw in the possession of a gentleman, a manuscript containing extracts from the writings of the great bard which had allusions to medical subjects, and it would really appear that Shakespeare knew nearly as much about the "theory and practice" as two thirds of modern professors of the science.

In the second part of Henry the Fourth, Sir John Falstaff describes Mr. Calvin Edson so exactly, that we may fairly suppose the author had seen either him or his "double." Sir John was on a special visit to the country seat of his friend the Justice, to pick up soldiers for Prince Hal. He says; "I do remember him while at the Inns of Court, like a man made after supper of a cheeseparing. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. Were I sawed into parcels, my dimensions would make four score of such bearded hermit-staves. When out of his doublet in walking, his two arms swing by each other like a pair of jack-boots thrown across a line upon a windy day. He was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible. Save the mark, you might have trussed him and all his apparel into an eel-skin—go to."

While upon the subject of skeletons, we have caused another engraving to be made, representing a man who exhibited himself in England in 1825. We have been told by

those who have seen both, that Edson is a giant when compared with SEURAT. His position most striking is thus—



Seurat was born in France, in April 1797, of parents enjoying robust health, and nowise deformed. Though his frame grew up like other children's, his flesh wasted away; and when he had attained the age of manhood, he exhibited the skeleton form above presented. He ate very little animal food, and the demands of his appetite being limited, a small penny roll of bread was quite as much as he could eat in one day. Sir Astley Cooper, on examining him soon after his arrival in England, discovered that his heart was just its own length lower than it ought to have been. Many proposals were made to the father of Seurat, for the purchase of the body of his son, in the event of his death, but all were rejected—even a *carte blanche*—as he declared his intention of taking his unfortunate child back to France, to be buried among his native hills. While at Rouen, he was visited by 1500 persons in one day; and in London immense crowds flocked to see him. His skin was like parchment, yet his health was uniformly good. The ribs could be separately counted, and handled like so many pieces of cane.

He is here represented in a state of nudity, except a mere covering of several inches round the loins, through which are cut large holes to admit the hip bone to pass through. His height was five feet seven. He was unable to raise his hands to his mouth, so as to feed himself in the ordinary way. On first beholding Seurat, a person might almost imagine that he saw before him one returned from "that bourne whence no traveller returns;" the first impressions over, he might well wonder how so frail a being could possibly exist, and is surprised that all those functions necessary for the contrivance of life, are regularly and effectively performed. He could bear the effects of heat and cold (this Edson cannot do) like other people accustomed to lead a sedentary life, and did not need unusual clothes. His voice was pleasing,

deep-toned and gentle; and he felt himself happy in being set up as a public show, as he was attended by a most affectionate father, and it afforded him an opportunity of seeing the world, and all its greatest men, while at the same time he rapidly accumulated a fortune.

Until ten years of age, Seurat was as healthy as other children, except that his chest was depressed, and he felt much weaker; until that year, he used to run about and play, and tumble down from feebleness. From that age his feebleness increased, and he grew rapidly until he was fourteen, when he attained the full stature of manhood, but with farther increase of weakness. Such men must be "shocking" to those who have never reflected on mortality, and think them nearer the grave than themselves. Perhaps they are so only in appearance. The regular operation of the vital principle may continue to the ordinary duration of human life.

These particulars are abstracted from a full account of Seurat in the Every Day Book.

Our correspondent has ably reported Miss Wright's orgies, which after all, ended in nothing, absolutely nothing. We shall attempt triumphantly to prove next week, that she has knowingly published a most outrageous untruth, and libel on Washington, and make some remarks on his character as appropriate to the day which will follow that of our next publication.

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

Passing along Sixth street on Tuesday evening, I observed somewhat of a crowd making for Arch Street Theatre, and on inquiry learned that Miss Fanny Wright was to hold forth to "the people," and explain what "the people" of New York design to do. I followed the current, and after waiting half an hour in the pit, a gentleman made his appearance, lighted the candles, and very soon a motley crew of Miss Fanny's friends, to the number of near eighty, marched across the stage led by their queen. They looked and acted much like the witches in Macbeth, and after toiling round and round in search of seats, the priestess took off her hat. This was listened to with profound attention, and the lengthened operation of adjusting her curls having been minutely examined with a silence bordering on veneration, after a survey of the audience, and a shake of the head to every individual present, we were entertained with a tissue of nonsense, and a farrago of wild assertion without the shadow of proof, which has no parallel in the annals of our fair city. New York was repeatedly designated as "the head-quarters of reform," and it being the avowed object of the piece to tell us what they wished to do respecting the division of property, I listened with some degree of curiosity. For myself,

I have a nice little row of houses which bring me in two thousand a year, and have very little notion of allowing the tenants to occupy them rent free—they were built by my own hands, and I have always had an inclination to leave them in my will to my bairns. But let that pass for to-day—the orator did not arrive at that part of her story before ten o'clock, and therefore gave out the second act for this evening, when if I can, I shall again attend for your especial instruction. Several interruptions of claps and hisses obliged the lady to sit down. How an American audience could quietly allow this woman, who is lost to all

shame, to go on after her assertions about Washington, we cannot conceive. She said "No people as a body ever loved the servants of the temple! They have in every age distrusted the tribe of Levi. All our founders of American liberty, even Washington, too wise and prudent prematurely to broach his opinions at a period when enemies were many and friends few—even Washington, over anxious to court the opinions of the day, allowed the people to inscribe on his tomb, 'Washington the Christian,' instead of 'Washington the Patriot and Hero.' That he was opposed to the Clergy (I quote her very words) his death declares—his practices were pure, but he did not believe in the God of the Priests. Thomas Jefferson says Washington was not a Christian—Washington, friends, was no believer."

This was too much for the audience—they would bear it no longer, and the most violent hisses obliged the defamatory priestess to say, "I beg the audience to give way to the opposition—let them hiss—it does not proceed from Americans, but foreigners!!!!" Was ever anything more absurd in its very head and front than this assertion. It was so completely ridiculous that the hissing was redoubled, and a voice cried out from amidst the storm "Washington WAS a Christian." Time, however, which conquers all things, at length gave her a chance to proceed, and she said, "Well might Washington, Adams, and their co-patriots, evade a publication of their infidelity when superstition covered the land—but their correspondence has developed it." Alas for "the people," this kind of assertion was all they could get. "Franklin, Gates, Allen, Adams, and all, according to the priest's vocabulary, were infidels: and how much better would it be (glorious reasoning) to follow them than to adopt the trash of the tract house, and imposition of the pulpit, where scolding grown children once a week was sufficient to maintain a large family.—My friends, we must frown down every scoffer at the sacred rights of conscience, of free thought and free speech. Let us receive nothing on trust—our slanderers are all our best friends—I see no merit in faith—I have not labored to set up or pull down opinions—(most voracious priestess!)—if infidelity means knowledge, I would wish to see the world flooded with infidelity—I shall glory in it—the clergy are a nest of hornets who suck the people's money—theology is very expensive, &c. &c."

The great clap trap was praise of the American "people;" their talents had made them always successful. New York, notwithstanding the cry of agrarianism, was all prepared to break out—and to morrow evening she would fully explain their views with respect to a division of property!

Such, Mr. Editor, is the specious sophistry of this speculator in opinions and in negro flesh—if I were "Governor," I would calm her transports by transporting her back to old England, where I verily believe she would rot in a jail for uttering such abominations.

Wednesday Evening—A full house attended, but Fanny's manner was vastly different from last night. She was evidently intimidated by the reception given to her abominable sentiments the evening previous. She was cautious—so much so that her whole discourse was mere verbiage, senseless, mean-

ingless, and without point of any kind. Her infidel opinions were carefully kept back, except when she called the Declaration of Independence her "only scripture." Her usual modesty was apparent when she declared that all who did not believe her doctrines and writings were not republicans!!—and all who had that evening hissed *her*, had hissed the Declaration of Independence! These windy assertions were received with groans, and hisses, and tumultuous huzzas, intermingled with the shouts of her adherents. At this crisis a seven-footer of a spokesman stepped forward and begged the audience to keep quiet, as *he* had rented the house and had to suffer all damage done to it!—intimating that officers were in readiness to seize all offenders! His speech was answered by mingled groans and hisses. Fanny said she was going away *for a season*—at least until the elections were over! She probably made a clear profit of \$100 on the night's work. That is the secret—to pocket money by gulling the public to the tune of twelve and a half cents a ticket. Never was the moral feeling of this community more outraged—never did decently dressed women so lower themselves as to be even *seen* in her presence.

Yours, &c.

**STANZAS.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU."

I've sat and seen one bright wave chase  
Its fellow on the strand,  
Then fall away, nor leave a trace  
Upon the printless sand—  
Though scarce the pebbles felt the shock,  
The waves have worn the solid rock!

I've sat and heard the autumn wind  
Amid the branches play.  
So softly mild, so blandly kind,  
It scarcely stirred the spray—  
Yet soon it bore spring's verdant birth  
To wither on its native earth.

I've sat and seen the evening sun  
Sink from the golden sky,  
His long bright race of glory run,  
And closed his golden eye;  
So slow he passed, scarce changed the light,  
And yet he left the world in night.

And like yon sea is human life,  
Events like billows roll,  
Moment on moment, strife on strife,  
That change us to the soul;  
And joys, like autumn leaves, fall fast—  
Hope sets—and being's light is past.

I've stood on earth's most daring height,  
And seen day's ruler rise,  
In his magnificence of light,  
In triumph through the skies;  
And all the darkness of the world,  
From his shining presence hurled.

All, too, that fades upon the earth,  
Too weak to linger here,  
Re-blossoms with a second birth,  
To deck the coming year:  
Shall hope, then, man's eternal dower,  
Be frailler than a falling flower!

Ah no! like autumn leaves that die,  
That bloom again in spring,  
Fresh joys shall rise from those gone by,  
And purer incense bring;  
And when, like suns, hope sets in night,  
Shall she not beam from worlds more bright?

**THE FAIR SEX.**

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,  
Old Adam called her *wo-man*;  
But when she *wo'd* with love so kind,  
He then pronounced it *woo-man*;  
But now with folly and with pride,  
Their husbands' pockets trimming,  
The ladies are so full of *whims*,  
That people call them *whim-men*.

**THE ARIEL.**

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 10.

*Gone to a Book Auction.*—Feeling somewhat of the gloom of warm weather overpowering the animal spirits one evening last week, we sallied out in search of one of those good, kind hearted people, who gratify one by listening with the patience of Job to all one's ailments, and the details of "successful or unsuccessful" trade which a loquacious man is so apt to enjoy, and therefore indulge in. Our friend had "gone out!" here was a dilemma—to be thrown back upon one's own resources for the entertainment of the whole evening! Where had he gone?—to the book auction. To the book auction then we followed him, and fortunately for our amusement, there was a "good sale," and consequently a good company. The salesmen were dressed in their most gracious smiles; the hammer of the crier descended with unusual alacrity, with that knock down kind of argument which said as plainly as Maclzel's Automaton, "who's the buyer?" Finding an elevated seat in one corner of the room, we took a leisurely survey of the scene—and what a disheartening scene it is to the aspirant for an immortality of fame!—What laborious days—what watchings by the midnight lamp—what racking of the brain—what long lives of laborious study, are here brought to the hammer—absolutely sold for a sixpence—"less than the cost of binding," as the auctioneer often tells you. The poor author is left entirely out of the account, or if mentioned at all, is placed after the press-work, printing, and paper! Who would be an author?—we involuntarily exclaimed, as the killer of reputations knocked down one of our favorite books for ten cents—"less than the cost of binding," was repeated again with an air which betokened nothing of regret for the feelings of the writer, but merely implied, "see now how cheap we sell."

The crier raises his voice as every new volume is pushed under his hammer, and by his manner inspires new spirits into his audience by mentioning some striking point about the book, which, true or not true, shall enhance the price. His volubility, assisted every ten minutes these hot nights, by a glass of water, assumes something of the following shape. We believe with subjects so prolific as the outsides of books exhibit, a man might talk forever—or at least till he became in bone and sinew like unto the living skeleton. What pity it is that some very modest bashful people who wander about this great city and elsewhere, do not furnish themselves with a little book-knowledge—of the outsides of books surely there is no excuse for being ignorant, seeing that a Bible may be purchased for twenty cents, and the life of John Wesley, or an odd Waverley novel, for half the money. But we are rambling from the dialogue kept up between the auctioneer and himself.

Here gentlemen (he ought to add "literati;" "gentlemen literati" would bring customers, depend on it) here is the tour of Dr. Syntax in search of the picturesque—full of plates and very fine plates too—(holds it up opened to a plate) one dollar—is that bid? ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty, fifty; forty—forty cents by two bidders; furthest has it; fifty's bid; sixty; cant take less than five cents at a bid on such a valuable book as this, gentlemen, (*literati*, understood) seventy, eighty, one dollar;—who's the buyer?—cash—Mr. Cash please to walk this way, pay the money and take the book.

Mr. Cash, a name given to all cash-purchasers, pays his money, puts his book under his arm, looks on a little longer, and carries his prize home to see whether he has been taken in

—thinks he has, and next day sends it to be resold.

The great art of a book auctioneer is to set forth the wares he deals in in their best colors. Thus an ill looking volume is "a rare book;" an old musty tome is "a scarce book;" a poor novel is "a new book;" a book with daubed plates is "splendidly embellished;" a book which has no other recommendation is "out of print;" a mixed medley of nonsense is "a fine book to read on Sundays;"—in short, there is no end to the qualities which a book acquires in passing through the hands of these knowing auctioneers. A piece of witticism so called, is another very essential requisite in a sale room. A good joker is worth some dollars a month more than a dry husky crier who sticks to his text. An audience can be kept together twice as long by keeping them in a good humor with themselves—it takes off from the weariness of the place, which would instantly be deserted if the crier stopped a short period to adjust any small affair. His voice is the grand fascination of the place, without which it is but a room with old books and people in it. It is a good joke at a book auction to tell an old bachelor, "here Mr. Jacobs, is a book to suit your wife." If the individual is well known, it will create a universal titter, and be worth dollars to the auctioneer in commissions. It is not a bad joke to sometimes put up a hundred volumes or so of the same kind, and get a bid from some person who is under the impression that he is buying but one—and when he finds his mistake, to appeal to the audience for the purpose of sometimes pinning a bad bargain on a good customer. This is getting to be a stale joke, one which the "gentlemen literati" do not fancy, and generally discourage. There is no knowing how soon a man may be caught napping in such a place, and be taken in himself.

Our readers may think we have treated both buyer and seller rather lightly in the above remarks. We have endeavoured to divest the place of some of its extraneous attractions, and to show how easy it is to be deceived into purchasing what one does not want. People go there, we believe, in the same spirit that a French lady is said to have been in the habit of going to the funerals of people she did not know—they go for the excitement, and if they are like us, they rarely go without coming home with a load heavier to carry than the nice little pocket pieces which they carried with them. The auctioneers will pardon us for our levity in exposing the manner of preparing the books for sale, not having adverted to the coloring matter used in getting up "splendid bindings."

*The World.*—Every being, man, woman, and child, has a "world" in which he lives, moves, and has his existence; and of which each is fain to believe himself the centre, the very pivot, whereupon revolves the whole circle with which they are connected. "What will the world say," and "all the world are full of it," are expressions uttered upon apparently trivial occasions, but in the significations in which they are used, they are good and proper parts of speech. "What will the world say to it," means, from the lips of a small trader, the persons with whom he deals; and to his wife it means the neighbors and the people whom she is desirous should respect her family. To the young lady just issuing into life, "What will the world think," is of the utmost consequence not only to her getting a good husband, but to her own comfort and peace of mind. Young gentlemen, on the contrary, affect to care nothing about "the world," and in their confabulations utter the expression, "who the deuce cares for the world," with all the indifference imaginable, altho' there

is no class of individuals who should have a greater respect for this very extended and yet limited personage. To Editors, the opinion of "the world" is perhaps of more seeming importance than to most; and hence we find them too frequently paying extra court to its dictum, and "cutting their sheet to suit the cloth." To the politician "the world" means his own party, and extends very little beyond the circle of his violent adherents. For "the rest of the world," if he believes there is any, he cares not a straw, provided he rides into office on the back of his blind supporters. At the head of those who are most dependant upon "the opinion of the world," we should place the makers of books. Unless the voice of "the world" be in their favor, they have an indifferent chance of success. Their books lie upon the shelves of the trade, no matter how good they may be, because "the world" has never heard them properly praised.

The "literary world" comprises but a small number compared with the great mass of the population of this mundane sphere. A few thousand readers comprehend "the whole world" of most writers, and even the best authors can scarcely calculate on a greater number. Authors, however, belong to a mercurial class, and never calculate as other men do. They propose to live not only for "the present world," but to render themselves immortal, and be handed down to succeeding generations, who will constitute "the world" hereafter. Their vanity may be harmless; but were they to reflect upon the numbers of well esteemed authors who have descended to the tomb of the Capulets, unmourned and forgotten, it would tend to reduce their pride to its proper level.

Most men shine in some "little world" of their own, which they have selected for themselves, simply because there they can appear as lights. If these are successful in keeping out of the way of people who know more than themselves, they may descend to their graves with a very good opinion of number one. But let a member of the "theatrical world" mingle for an evening among a "blue-stocking world," where the talk is about books and statues, or with the "geological world," and he will find himself coming out at the "little end of the horn."—The "musical world" comprehends some people whom it is our own good fortune to esteem and respect; but too many of this class have spent their time so exclusively in blowing, or bending their elbows, that when they attempt to converse with the scientific or practical artist of another kind, they find themselves at fault, and return to their rests and their demi-semi-quavers.

"The world" of a daily paper is a different affair from "the world" of the weekly, though it must be confessed that neither of them have a long life. Their interest is lost with their day or their week, and each succeeding omission is a death blow to its predecessor. A few, very few numbers of each, by the aid of a book-binder may reach to future ages, but "the world" for, which we cater is a transient one, and with it we must be content that, "while other dogs only have their day, we have our week of fame," provided that during the week we succeed in pleasing that "reading world," (by no means a small one) for which we labor, and for whose amusement we now leave the walks of disquisition, and turn to "the world of news."

At the risque of wearying our readers with the subject of prison discipline, we copy the testimony of Vidocq, the private agent of the French police, a man who had the best opportunity of knowing the effects produced on prisoners by indiscriminate mixture, having himself been the tenant and intimate of most of the extensive jails on the continent, and whose ac-

count of his own life has lately made its appearance in London. He says, "In society we dread infamy, in the society of prisoners, there is no shame, but in not being sufficiently infamous. The condemned prisoners are a distinct people; whoever is cast among them must expect to be treated as an enemy as long as he will not speak their language, and will not identify himself with their way of thinking."—Again; speaking of the conduct of prisoners in one of the worst receptacles of crime, he remarks, "If any unfortunate wretch, mindful of his innocent youth, muttered out the fragment of a prayer, his next companion would perhaps shake his fetters whilst he howled an obscene song, and the prayer expired in the midst of howls and shrieks." An overwhelming amount of testimony in favor of solitary confinement could be adduced, but we apprehend the public are fully apprised of its judicious effects, and only require to see the present establishment which we have attempted to describe to-day, successful, to follow throughout the Union the example which has been set.

*Register of Pennsylvania.*—We are sorry to learn, as we do from the last number, that this valuable work has not been so well patronised as it deserves. Mr. Hazard is an indefatigable, persevering Editor, and has succeeded in making his work a repository of more useful and important information relative to this state, than any ever before published in it. It recommends itself strongly to every citizen, and we hope the appeal which the Editor has been compelled to make in its behalf will be successful. The "North American Review" for Jan. 1830, says: "Among the periodical works of a historical character, HAZARD'S REGISTER OF PENNSYLVANIA deserves great praise. The volumes that have already appeared, contain a rich fund of useful and important materials. Its purpose is, to exhibit the statistics, political and civil transactions, progress of internal improvements, and every kind of useful information relating to Pennsylvania. It is made a depository, also, of historical fragments of early times, selections from manuscripts, and re-prints of rare pieces which have a permanent value. It is the best devised, and most successful attempt of the kind, which we have seen. The plan might be followed with great advantages in every State."

*Gold, Gold!*—Such flaming accounts of the produce of the gold regions reach us every week, that it has become necessary to keep the word *in type*. Seven thousand dollars a week is not to be despised. The Rutherford, N. C. Spectator states that "the search for gold in that section of the country is prosecuted with increasing interest and profit. A new 'surface mine' has been discovered on the plantation of Mr. John Petit, of Whiteside settlement, from which one person had collected by the simplest means, in a few hours, particles of gold to the value of two dollars. The mine has been purchased for 6000 dollars. The receipts of a mine on Broad River, in the same county, worked by 22 hands for 15 days, were 453 dwts. worth 356 dollars. It is estimated that the mines in Burke County produce \$7000 per week."

*Discoveries.*—It is amusing to hear the learned descant upon *discoveries*. No sooner is a coal field or a gold region discovered, than a professor of mineralogy tells the public *why it is so*, and says *it should be so*, because it always is so! But when did any of them discover a gold mine by the always-marked and known characters of the surface? In like manner a writer in the last London Quarterly Review, *demonstrates very clearly*, that rail roads are the

very things for locomotive engines! Why did not the learned Editor tell us all this *before* the experiment? He has the *theory* of motion and rest at his fingers' ends, but allowed a *practical* mechanic to shew it in reality, and then he shews it in *theory*! Dr. Troost, of Nashville, in a letter published in a Tennessee paper, *demonstrates* to a certainty that gold can be found in that state, *after* it had been dug up in considerable quantities! We do not wish to be understood to undervalue the sciences—they are indispensable auxiliaries to the mechanic and the artist; but we do like to see practical results and practical men. We must do Dr. Troost the justice to say that he communicates the supposition that fine marble will be found in Tennessee.

Professor Cooper in his lectures on Geology in this city, many years since, told his class that he could designate the kind of strata &c. which could be found under the surface, by knowing the character of the first and second layers. Dr. Cooper emigrated to the Carolinas before much gold had been found—did he ever find a mine? He preferred writing political essays; and from their tenor we rather suspect they are about as useful in *practice* as his Geological essays.

It was erroneously stated last week, that the number of persons who visited West's Picture in this city, was eight thousand. The receipts were, we know, near seven thousand dollars; consequently twenty-eight thousand must have visited the painting, including free tickets, of which a large number were issued to artists, &c.

*A Good Book.*—John F. Watson, Esquire, announces to be published early in July, by Carey & Hart, "Annals of Philadelphia, being a collection of Memoirs, Anecdotes and Incidents of the City and its inhabitants, from the days of the Pilgrim Founders; intended to preserve the recollections of the Olden Time, and to exhibit Society in all its Changes of Manners and Customs, and the City in its Local Alterations and Improvements. By John F. Watson, Esq. Member of the Historical Society of Philadelphia. To which is added an Appendix, containing Olden Time Researches and Reminiscences of New York City."

*Not Quite Gallant.*—A writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser after describing his visit to Boston, winds up a very entertaining article with the following paragraph: "The ladies are handsome, good cooks and good natured; it's all we want of them." What do they say to it?

The National Gazette says truly "The American press has no occasion for 'dreadful accident makers.' There are real and fatal casualties sufficient in number and dismalness, to satisfy any appetite for the tragic and horrible."

*Dress.*—We agree with the following paragraph from the London Weekly Times, that an excess of nicety does not make a gentleman; but we do not think that neglect of dress is at all excusable. Respectable people dress neatly and clean; and it is therefore proper if we wish to be thought respectable, to imitate them. The Times says, "It is somewhat singular that the passion for dress, amongst males, is almost exclusively confined to tradesmen and persons in the lower ranks of life. There are no people in the world who dress so plainly as our House of Peers and House of Commons. Indeed there are but few members of these august bodies whom a Fleet-street shopman would not turn up his nose at in the street. There are many people who are not yet aware that in good so-

society it is considered a mark of vulgarity to be dressed particularly well."

*Taylor*, the water poet, who lived in Charles the first's time, says a magazine, gives the following line as reading backwards and forwards the same—

"Lewd did I live and evil did I dwel;" and adds, "I will give any man five shillings a piece for as many as he can make in English." We recommend our correspondents to try their wits.

Verily, the Macon Telegraph is becoming quite witty. Witness the following good paragraph—

*A Rail Rode in Georgia!*—Not long since, a man in the suburbs of our town, was arrested and *rode on a rail*, by some of the nocturnal conservators of the peace, for the crime of being in favor of *domestic* improvement—in other words, for having whipped his wife! A wag, seeing the rail in the "full tide of successful experiment" as Mr. Webster would say, cried out, ironically, "Hurrah for the first Georgia Rail Rode!" Home manufactures and domestic improvement forever!! What do you think of the American system now?" added he, addressing himself to the culprit. "Rail away," retorted the uneasy rider. "I aint in favor of no such construction, if I be I wish I may be split!"

#### THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BY JOHN WILSON, ESQ.

Beside her babe, who sweetly slept,  
A widowed mother sat and wept  
O'er years of love gone by;  
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,  
She murmur'd her dead husband's name,  
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,  
For not one single friend she had  
On this cold-hearted earth;  
The sea will not give back its prey—  
And they were wrapped in foreign clay  
Who gave the orphan birth.

Steadfastly as a star doth look  
Upon a little murmuring brook,  
She gazed upon the bosom  
And fair brow of her sleeping son—  
O merciful heaven! when I am gone  
Thine is this earthly blossom!

While thus she sat, a sunbeam broke  
Into the room—the babe awoke,  
And from his cradle smiled!  
Ah me! what kindling smiles met thee!  
I know not whether was more fair,  
The mother, or her child!

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,  
The sun stretched his rosy arms,  
And to her bosom leapt;  
All tears at once were swept away,  
And said a face as bright as day,  
Forgive me, that I wept!

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,  
Earth hath not head, nor poct's tongue  
May venture to declare;  
But this as holy-writ is sure,  
The griefs she bid us here endure,  
She can herself repair!

#### VILLAGE GREATNESS.

In every country village, where  
Ten chimney-smokes perfume the air,  
Contiguous to a steeple,  
Great gentlefolks are found, a score,  
Who can't associate, any more,  
Who common "country people."

Jack Fallow, born amongst the woods,  
From rolling logs, now rolls in goods,  
Enough awhile to dash on—  
Tells negro stories—smokes segars—  
Talks politics—decides on wars—  
And lives in stylish fashion.

Tim Oax-goad, lately from the plough,  
A polished gentleman is now,

And talks of "country fellows;"  
But ask the sot what books he's read—  
You'll find the brain pan of his head  
As empty as a bellows.

Miss Fiddle, lately from the wheel,  
Begins quite lady-like to feel,  
And talks affectedly genteel,  
And sings some nasty songs too;  
But my veracity impeach,  
If she can tell what part of speech  
Gentility belongs to.

Without one spark of wit refined,  
Without one beauty of the mind—  
Genius or Education,  
Or family, or fame, to boast,  
To see such gentry rule the roost,  
Turns patience to vexation.

To clear such rubbish from the earth,  
Though real genius—mental worth,  
And science to attend you,  
You might as well the sty refine,  
Or cast your pearls before the swine,  
They'd only turn and rend you.

**LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.**  
Yes! still I love thee—Time, who sets  
His signet on my brow,  
And dims my sunken eye, forgets  
The heart he could not bow;—  
Were love, that cannot perish, grows  
For one, alas! that little knows  
How love may sometimes last;  
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,  
When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,  
Within its robe of light,  
Can never touch a leaf that blows,  
Though seeming, to the sight;  
And yet it still will linger there,  
Like hopeless love without despair,  
A snow-drop in the sun!  
A moment finely exquisite,  
Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart  
Think momently of me,—  
Nor would I tear the cords apart,  
That bind me so to thee;  
No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,  
Like dew upon the roses wild,  
I would not have thee know  
The stream that seems to thee so still,  
Has such a tide below!

Enough! that in delicious dreams  
I see thee and forget—  
Enough, that when the morning beams,  
I feel my eye-lids wet!  
Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall  
The darkness for creation's pall,  
To meet thee—and to love,—  
I would not shrink from aught below,  
Nor ask for more above.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The lines of "M. F. G." we have perused with pleasure, but they scarcely come within the scope of our periodical.

Without encouraging the vanity with which 'W. S.' is puffed up, we would say to him that he has talent—but talent is nothing when spread before the public, unless accompanied with some degree of *cultivation*.

We have several valued friends capable of amusing and enlightening the public, and who, we know, are conscientious in their desire to do good—we confess our surprise that they do not select vehicles like ours to facilitate the circulation of just and moderate views of life, which, while they interested their readers, would also teach a moral lesson. Our columns have never been closed to such.

Will "Emma Matilda Lucretia S." be pleased to perform her pleasant promise?

"Santander" should remember that Spanish ditties would meet but a poor reception from readers of English. Let him try his hand at a translation.

## MISCELLANY.

We witnessed, says the Albany Daily Advertiser of last week, an instance of presence of mind and self-possession, under circumstances of peril which almost amounted to heroism. A young gentleman was driving his sister in a gig on the Troy road, when from the wheel coming suddenly and violently in contact with a large stone in the middle of the road (which had no business there by the way) he was thrown from his seat, carrying the reins with him. The horse proceeded at a rapid trot, which of course soon passed into a gallop, while the lady maintained her seat with the utmost steadiness and composure; there were several vehicles on the road, and we remarked, as the terrified horse ran by us, that she had not even changed color. It was, no doubt, owing to this coolness and firmness that she escaped without formidable, perhaps fatal injury, for by grasping strongly the sides of the gig she broke the violence of her fall, when it finally upset, and rose from the ground entirely unharmed. Now if this lady had screamed and fainted, or gone into hysterics, or foolishly attempted to jump out, she would in all probability, have been most seriously injured—hence we here take occasion to admonish our fair readers always to preserve their self-possession when run away with, whether it be by terrified horses or passionate lovers.

**AN ADROIT THIEF.**—Last Saturday, a gentleman who was passenger in the steamboat Constellation, from Albany to this city, was so unfortunate as to have his pantaloons stolen from under his pillow, while in his birth asleep. In one of the pockets was a wallet containing about eighty dollars in bank bills, and a draft on the American Fur Company in this city, for three thousand seven hundred and ninety-two dollars. On Monday last, he caused an advertisement to be inserted in one of the city papers, requesting the thief to return the draft, through post office, addressed to S. H. box 116, or at 140 Pearl street, at the same time telling him he might retain the money contained in the wallet. Payment of the draft having been stopped so that it would be of no use to the villain, he had the generosity to comply with the offer, and this morning returned it in the following letter, post marked "Katskill, June 22."

To the box no. 116 post office.  
To S. H. New York.

Sir i take the opportunity of writing these few lines by hoping you are well, as you must think i am to.—I have read in the paper of a advertisement which i expect you maid about your draft—now you may remember me in O. P. house—you insulted me about Gen. J. O. which i told you i would have revenge, and i have followed you now som time, but i thought you had some more money about you than you had, but if you had come to New York on a week day, i would have had even your trunk—i have pursuit closely, and you may pursue me closely as you mind—your draft you may have, for it is now no use to me, but if i would have done wright, i ought to mangle it into pieces.

O remember when you shall see  
in the glow of fun a ruf on—'TO.  
Pee—s—i—,—g—,—n—u—2—l—v—draft

The manner in which the thief extracted the pantaloons from under the gentleman's head is supposed to have been thus: There was a space between the saecking bottom and the cord which laced it to the frame of the birth; through one of these openings, the fellow who slept in the under birth must have contrived to draw the pantaloons. He was observed when he went to his bed, but was missing in the morning.

**WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.**—Jude, a child about three years old, son of Tho's M. Town of Barree, while leaning over a well curb, as is supposed, accidentally fell in. The well contained 13 feet of water, and was 11 feet from the top of the curb to the water. How

long he had been in the well, was uncertain: however the parents thought but a short time when a little sister passed by, and thought she heard something in the well, upon looking in saw her brother in the water, but not sinking. She called to her mother, who immediately put down the bucket, and told her son to take hold of it, which he did with one hand, but being told to take hold with both, he nimbly sprang from the wall where he supported himself, and caught with the other, and in this manner was drawn out, the water slopping in his face from the bucket, which was half filled in getting it down low enough for the boy to get hold of it. The child did not cry or complain, although cold and wet, and his head, arm, and one hip, were considerably bruised—said he went down to the bottom twice and also called for help; which an allwise Providence granted.—*Vermont Patriot.*

**EMPLOYMENT.**—Has been pronounced the antidote of sorrow, as its lenitive hand plucks affliction's rankling thorn from the pensive mind, and wipes away the tear of anguish from the pale cheek of melancholy. Tacitus tells us that his father in law, Agricola, in order to dissipate from his heart the regret that preyed upon it for the death of his only son, accepted the command of the Roman legions in Britain, in the hope of finding in employment in the fields of Mars, a cure for his grief. Indeed almost every person has learned in the school of experience, that the dismal clouds of melancholy which overcast the horizon of cheerfulness, can only be dispelled and chased away by active employment. Those who have shone as the greatest luminaries in the hemisphere of genius, have been distinguished for their aversion to indolence. An idle moment was to them a period of real misery.

**GEOLICAL CURIOSITY.**—A few weeks since, says the Rutherfordton (N. C.) Spectator, while the workmen were employed in taking out the "grit" from one of the pits in the Harris Mine, now owned by Messrs. J. & J. E. Patton, three posts were discovered just at the top of the slate formation, and below the stratum of flint rocks which contains the gold. These posts were sunk perpendicular in the slate, and about four feet from each other, in a triangular position. The posts were dug up and examined, and found to be of post oak timber, about four feet long and ten inches in diameter; the lower ends of the posts were sharpened, while the upper evidently appeared to be sawed off transversely; in the side were mortise holes, together with the marks of an axe, too apparent to be mistaken. From the position in which these posts were found, it would seem that they had formed the legs of a rude table or bench at some former period. As a proof that no modern cause could have placed them where they have now been found, the ground is elevated, and near the creek, and beneath any alluvial deposits of soil; yet when and by whom they were placed must for the present remain a subject of philosophical inquiry and speculation. At many other mines sticks of timber and logs have been found in and on the slate formation, together with a variety of articles formed by the hand of art, such as Indian pottery, Indian arrow points, made of flints, and pieces of wood in various shapes.

**ACCIDENT.**—As the passengers were yesterday getting into one of the stages belonging to the Citizens Coach Company, the horses became frightened and started on a run. In the coach were Mrs. Silsbee, two daughters and a waiting maid; the latter jumped out of the carriage and received a trifling injury. The ladies with great presence of mind and composure, remained in the coach until it was accidentally overturned by running against the corner of a blacksmith's shop, not far from General Carrington's store. We are happy to learn that the ladies received no personal injury. When the coach upset the horses stopped immediately, and it is supposed they

would not have started at first had not a gentleman got on the box before the driver was ready. The driver was attending to the baggage. It has heretofore been the practice for drivers to assist in putting on the baggage, in order to save time; there was a great deal of danger in the practice. The agents of the company have, we are informed, directed their drivers, in future not to leave the box on any pretence. This is a wholesome resolution, and it is hoped, it will be rigidly adhered to.—*Providence Journal.*

A gentleman has communicated to us the following melancholy facts, which he obtained from a passenger in the brig Eliza, which arrived at Baltimore a few days since from Rotterdam. The Eliza had on board a large number of steerage passengers, among whom were three sisters, with their husbands and families. They were all *enroute* at the time of sailing, and each gave birth to a child on the passage, but melancholy to relate, the mothers all died, and two of the children soon followed them to a watery grave.

**M. WEPFER.**—Who so much delighted the lovers of music in this city, by his admirable performance on the clarinet, was accidentally drowned at Havana, in the month of May last. His loss was much regretted there.

**LIBERTY FOREVER.**—At the period when Bonaparte was about to be named Consul for life, General Saint-Hilaire assembled the troops under his command, and delivered the following harangue:—"Comrades, the nation are deliberating on the question if General Bonaparte shall be appointed Consul for life. Opinions are free as air: I would not for the world seek to influence yours. However, I think it right to apprise you, that the first man who refuses to vote in Bonaparte's favor, shall be shot at the head of his regiment: liberty forever!"

**"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY, SHALL FIND ME."**

Come while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,  
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;  
Come while thy restless heart is bounding lightest,  
And joy's pure sunbeam trembles in thyways;  
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,  
Waken rich feelings in thy careless breast,  
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,  
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,  
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown—  
Pleasure will fold her wing—and friend and lover  
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone!  
Those who now love thee will have passed forever,

Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee—  
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,  
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,  
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—  
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,  
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.  
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,  
That lights the future with a fadless ray—  
Come, touch the sceptre—win a hope in heaven,  
Then turn thy spirit from this world away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence  
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul—  
And shadowed brightly in the forward distance  
Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal;  
Home of the weary, where in dust reposing,  
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,  
While o'er his dust the curtain'd grave is closing,  
Who would not, **EARLY**, choose a lot like this?

**COURAGE.**  
Not to the ensanguin'd field of death alone  
Is valor limited: she sits serene  
In the deliberate council, sagely scans  
The source of action, weighs, prevents, provides,  
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats  
Of brutal force alone.—*Smollet.*

## EPITAPHS.

**ON RALPH TYNE.**—Vicar of Kendal, who died 1627, and inscribed on his tomb by his friends:  
London bred me, Westminster fed me,  
Cambridge spied me, my sister wed me,\*  
Study taught me, living sought me,  
Learning brought me, Kendal caught me,  
Labor prest me, sickness distrest me,  
Death opprest me, the grave possest me,  
God first gave me, Christ did save me,  
Earth did crave me, and heaven would have me!

\* Meaning at the instigation of his sister.

**ON A RICH MISER.**  
Here lies one who for medicines would not give  
A little gold, and so his life he lost—  
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,  
Could he but know how much his funeral cost.

**ON A DRUNKARD.**  
The draught is drank, poor Tip is dead,  
He's tip'd his last, and reeled to bed!

**ON A MAN NAMED STONE.**  
Jerusalem's curse was not fulfilled in me,  
For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

The following epitaph on JOHN BAILEY, a poor idiot, who died in 1777, and was buried at Strathfieldsay, was written by the late Lord Rivers, and were intended as an inscription on a tombstone, the expense of which the servants of his lordship wished to defray—

Asleep beneath this humble stone,  
Lies honest, harmless, simple JOHN,  
Who free from guilty care and strife,  
Here clos'd his inoffensive life;  
Unlike the great, his failings few,  
He practised all the good he knew,  
And did no harm—his only sin  
Was, that he loved a drop of gin;  
Yet when his fav'rite was not near,  
Content he took a horn of beer.  
This little village nursed and bred him,  
And old Lord Rivers cloth'd and fed him;  
'Twas there he liv'd caress'd by all,  
The fav'rite of the servant's hall;  
With them he ate his daily bread,  
They lov'd him living, mourn him dead,  
And now have kindly join'd to raise  
This little tombstone to his praise.  
Nor should the learned and the wise,  
Such humble merit e'er despise;  
Who knows but John may have a place  
Where wit dare never show its face;  
Then farewell, John—God grant that we  
May harmless live and die—like thee!

**ON MR. PATRIDGE, WHO DIED IN MAY.**  
What! kill a patridge in the month of May?  
Was that like sportsman? eh, Death, eh?

**ON A SAILOR.**—BY DIBDIN.  
Here lies honest Jack, to the lobsters a prey,  
Who liv'd like a sailor, free, hearty, and gay;  
His rigging well fitted, his sides close and tight,  
His bread-room well furnished, his mainmast upright;

When death like a pirate, built solely for plunder,  
Thus hailed honest Jack, in a voice like to thunder,  
Drop your peak, my old boy! and your topsails throw back!

For already too long you've remained on that tack.  
Jack heard the dread call, and without more ado,  
His sails flatten'd in, and his bark she broach'd to.

**ON TWO INFANTS IN A CHURCH YARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**

Two lovelier babes ye nare did see,  
Than God Almighty ga'ed to we—  
But the' war o'er taken wi' agur (ague) fits,  
And hare the lies, at dead as nits.

On the south wall of Streatham Church, is the following singular inscription: "Elizabeth, wife of Major General Hamilton, who was married 47 years, and never did anything to disoblige her husband." She died 1746.

**PATIENCE.**  
Patience, unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;  
(They can be meek, that have no other cause.)  
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;  
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.—*Shakespeare.*

## ITEMS.

The ear of Diogenes in Syracuse, is no less a monument of the ingenuity and magnificence, than of the cruelty of that tyrant. It is a huge cavern cut out of the hard rock, in the form of the human ear. The perpendicular of it is about 30 feet, and the length of this enormous ear is not less than 250. The cavern was said to be so contrived, that every sound made in it, was collected and united into one point, as into a focus; this was called the tympanum; and exactly opposite to it the tyrant had made a small hole, which communicated with a little apartment where he used to conceal himself. He applied his own ear to this hole, and is said to have heard distinctly every word that was heard in the cavern below. This apartment was no sooner finished, and a proof of it made, than he put to death all the workmen that had been employed in it. He then confined all he suspected were his enemies; and by overhearing their conversation, judged of their guilt, and condemned and acquitted accordingly.—*Brydone.*

Queen Semiramis having caused her own sepulchre to be made, gave orders that this inscription should be engraven upon it: "What king soever hath need of money, let him demolish this monument, and he shall finde within it treasury as much as hee desireth." Now Darius having opened the said sepulchre, could meet neither with silver nor gold there; but instead thereof he lighted upon others letters written to this effect; "If thou haddest not beeene a wicked man, and of insatiable avarice, thou wouldest never have stirred and disquieted the graves and monuments of the dead."—*Plutarch.*

A poet was noticing how sometimes the most trivial and unforeseen accidents overturn an author's hopes. "A thing," said he, "once happened to me which was enough to make a man forswear ever taking a pen in hand. I had a tragedy—Garrick performed in it—I must confess the principal incident was a little similar to Lear's abdication of the throne in favor of his daughters. Mine were two daughters; and the king—after giving them a lesson fraught with legislative advantages that might have done honor to Solon or Lycurgus, finished his harangue by saying, 'and now I divide this crown between you'—Sir, a malicious scoundrel peeping over the spikes of the orchestra, and staring Garrick full in the face, cried out—'Ah, that's just half-a-crown a-piece.' Sir, an incessant laugh immediately prevailed, and if it had been to save your soul, another syllable could not be heard."—*Dubbin.*

Why is a boxer like a man who deals in flour? Because he is a miller.

Why is a man closing a letter like the top of a room? Because he is a sealing (ceiling.)

Why should you never trust a little girl who can tell you how many feet she has got? Because she can count her feet (counterfeit.)

LARGE TREES.—The N. E. Farmer states that there is an apple tree on the farm of Mr. C. Tappan, Brookline, which one foot from the ground is 9 feet in circumference; and Mr. E. Hall of Raynham, states that near his dwelling stand two apple trees, one 13 feet 5 inches, at one foot from the ground, and at three, 12 feet 2 inches; the other 12 feet 2 inches, at one foot, and 11 1-2 feet at three. Tradition states their age at 130 years. About the year 1790, 101 bushels of apples, exclusive of wind falls, were gathered from the two. The fruit is of a peculiar sort, in eating in March and April, and keeps till June. The trees are now on the decline, and last year bore 30 or 40 bushels. A yellow willow, 10 rods from them, is 17 feet in circumference 18 inches from the ground, the branches of which extend over a tract of 5 rods and 4 1-2 feet in diameter.

The celebrated painter, Corregio, had so seldom been rewarded during his life, that the paltry payment of ten pistoles of German coin, and which he was obliged to travel as far as Parma to receive, created in his mind a joy so excessive, that it caused his death. The payment to him was made in a species of copper coin. The joy which the mind of Corregio felt in being the bearer of so large a quantity of money to his wife, prevented him from thinking either of the length of the journey, or of the excessive heat of the day. He walked twelve miles with so

much anxiety to reach home, that, immediately on his return, he was seized with a violent pleurisy, of which he died.

He that tries to recommend Shakspeare, by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house for sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.—*Dr. Johnson.*

INVERTED COMPLIMENT.—Waller, upon sight of the Dutchess of Newcastle's verses on the death of a stag, declared that he would give all his own compositions to have written them; and being charged with the exorbitance of his adulation, answered, that "nothing was too much to be given that a lady might be saved from the disgrace of such vile a performance."

AN UNDETERMINATE LOVER.—Mr. W., a respectable medical practitioner, lately residing at Corydon, was one day called on to visit a gentleman in the above town, who had been suddenly attacked with illness. "Doctor," said the patient, in a trembling voice, "shall I die, do you think?" The doctor assured him he had no apprehension of so melancholy an event. "Then, do you think, doctor," hastily replied the patient, "that I shall be well by next Thursday?" "Indeed," replied the doctor, "that is a question beyond my skill to answer with any certainty; but why are you so particular as to a day?" "Because, doctor," said the anxious invalid, "I am to be married on that day!" Mr. W. was naturally inquisitive as to the lady to whom he was about to be united. "Really, doctor," said the patient, "I am not exactly fixed, but—either to Miss M—, or Miss S—!"

Perhaps no chancellor ever gave so many church benefices to poor clergymen of real merit as Thurlow. Among other instances of his eccentric goodness, the following appears to deserve peculiar notice. A curate who had a numerous family, but no patron among the great, was prompted by his wants and a favorable opportunity which the sudden death of his rector afforded, to make a personal application to Thurlow. The chancellor was struck with his appearance and address, and after hearing his story, whimsically asked him, "Whom have you to recommend you?" "Only the Lord of Hosts, my lord." "Well," replied Thurlow instantly, "as it is the first recommendation I have had from his lordship, be assured that I shall attend to it." The living was given to the meritorious applicant.

MAXIMS.—If you cannot inspire a woman with love for you, fill her above the brim with love for herself—all that runs over is yours.

Envy shoots at others and wounds herself.

A goose quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw.

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.

A man's profoundity may keep him from opening on first interview, his caution on a second, but suspect his emptiness if he carry it on to a third.

The sting of reproach is the truth of it.

Youth and white paper soon make an impression.

Notwithstanding the numerous editions of Lord Byron's works, printed and published by Mr. Murray, we are informed that in a recent trade sale this gentleman sold nearly 3000 copies of an entirely new edition, and at the same time 33,000 volumes of the Family Library. After this statement, who will venture to contend that literature does not flourish.

Soirees at Botany Bay.—In September last the first public concert was given at the theatre at Sydney, which has not yet been licensed for dramatic performances. The display of musical talent was highly meritorious, and the assemblage of rank and fashion such as would vie with our own soirees. Some of our company were transported with admiration—chained to the spot by the harmony of sweet sounds—and riveted with astonishment.

Measures for the prevention of duelling, indicating clearly, that the public sentiment stamps it as a degrading and barbarous resort, unworthy a refined era, and a safeguard to the coward and the bully, are in progress, in various quarters. Cowper says, with great felicity—

A modest, sensible, and well-bred man  
Will not insult me, and no other can.

## COLONEL BARTON AND GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

Colonel Barton, a hero of the American Revolution, after having been immured in prison for debt, during the period of twenty years, in the state of Vermont, was released from his confinement on the 4th of July, 1826, by the Marquis Lafayette, who cancelled the claim against his old companion in arms, and thereby afforded him an opportunity of joining in the festivities of the American Independence. Who after this will dare assert that republics are ungrateful!—*English Paper.*

WAKE! for the morning's purple fold  
Is drawn from the orient arch:  
Wake—for the sun in his robes of gold  
Comes forth on his monarch march;  
Joy for the cannon's thundering free  
O'er the echoing mountain sent;  
Joy for the drum's loud revelie,  
With the clarion's music blent—  
Joy for the million's stirring shout  
On freedom's birth-morn bursting out!

But hush—a stern, yet smothered groan,  
Steals forth upon the air,  
Deep as the forest's solemn moan  
When the midnight winds are there.  
Whence comes that note? a painful jar  
In freedom's swelling clime—  
Why comes it too the mirth to mar  
Of all this joyous time,  
When for earth's proudest jubilee  
Have met the gallant and the free?

Look to your rough and massy walls,  
Where joy no music wakes—  
Forth from its melancholy halls  
That startling discord breaks;  
Pierce to its lone discolored hold,  
With chill damps circle round;  
There like a felon, worn and old,  
The patriot chief lies bound—  
He of the lion-hearts that broke  
In their stern might, oppression's yoke!

Why groans he now, while every tongue  
With gladness overflows,  
Who erst defiance sternly flung  
To freedom's island foes?  
Why lies he there whose fettered foot  
Leapt proud the fight to meet;  
The foremost in the fierce pursuit,  
Last in the lone retreat?  
Has guilt thus bowed that lofty brow?  
List, for the warrior speaketh now:

"Tis sad that one whose blood has swelled  
Full oft on freedom's plain,  
Should on this hallowed morn be held  
By aught of bolt or chain!  
Not that his crimes have left him from  
The right heaven gave at birth,  
To tread with bold unshackled limb,  
Proudly his native earth;  
But that he clasps not in his hold  
The worshipp'd dust which men call gold!

"Stand from my grated bars away,  
And let the cheerful light  
That beams on this immortal day  
Steal in upon my sight;  
Ah! hush the prison court beside,  
That I may catch once more  
My country's pean-burst of pride,  
Trumpet and cannon's roar;  
Like music on my heart it falls,  
Though heard within these frowning walls."

But who, with quick, yet lofty tread,  
The captive's cell draws nigh?  
The light of glory on his head,  
Of pity in his eye:  
That port may well beseem a soul  
For angel actions nursed—  
His name on fame's unfolding scroll  
Shines radiant with the first;  
'Tis Gaul's high chief, whose far-felt worth  
Links the wide severed realms of earth.

He speaks—the indignant champion,  
Calmly and yet severe—  
"Here's gold for that dishonored one  
Who holds the freeborn here:  
Look on his aged breast—the scars  
Of glorious fields ye'll find!  
Back with the base degrading bars,  
The circling chains unbind!  
I've learnt to value freedom's worth—  
Brother in arms and heart—come forth!"

## AN OLO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,  
Some thy straggler of the ideal world.

## LIFE.

Life's buzzing sounds and flatt'ring colors play  
Round our fond sense, and waste the day;  
Enchant the fancy, vex the laboring soul;  
Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,  
Beholds the busy scenery we endure;  
Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,  
When night, that sacred silence, overspreads the  
soul.—*Watts.*

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,  
Are only varied modes of endless being,  
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,  
Derives its value from its use alone;  
Not for itself but for a nobler end  
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue;  
When inconsistent with the greater good,  
Reason commands to cast the less away;  
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,  
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

*Dr. Johnson.*

## SEDUCTION.

Shall beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower?  
No: gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing on those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.—*Byron.*

## PASSIONS.

When reason, like the skilful charioteer,  
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,  
And, spite of their licentious allies, keep  
The radiant tract of glory; passions then,  
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reason,  
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,  
Enjoys their violence, and, smiling, thanks  
Their formidable flame, for bright renown.

*Young.*

## POVERTY.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,  
Because its virtues are not understood,  
Yet many things, impossible to thought,  
Have been by need to full perfection brought,  
That daring of the soul proceeds from thence,  
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;  
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives;  
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.

*Dryden.*

## REPROOF.

I did but chide in jest, the best loves use it  
Sometimes; it sets an edge upon affection.  
When we invite our best friends to a feast,  
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them;  
There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet  
appetite,  
And make them taste their wine well: so, me-  
thinks,  
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,  
A kiss tastes wond'rous well, and full o' th' grape.  
*Middleton.*

## DETRACTION.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,  
Or modest anger of a satyric spirit,  
That hurts or wounds the body of a state;  
But the sinister application  
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base  
Interpreter; who will distort and strain  
The gen'ral scope and purpose of an author  
To his particular and private spleen.  
*Jonson's Poetaster.*

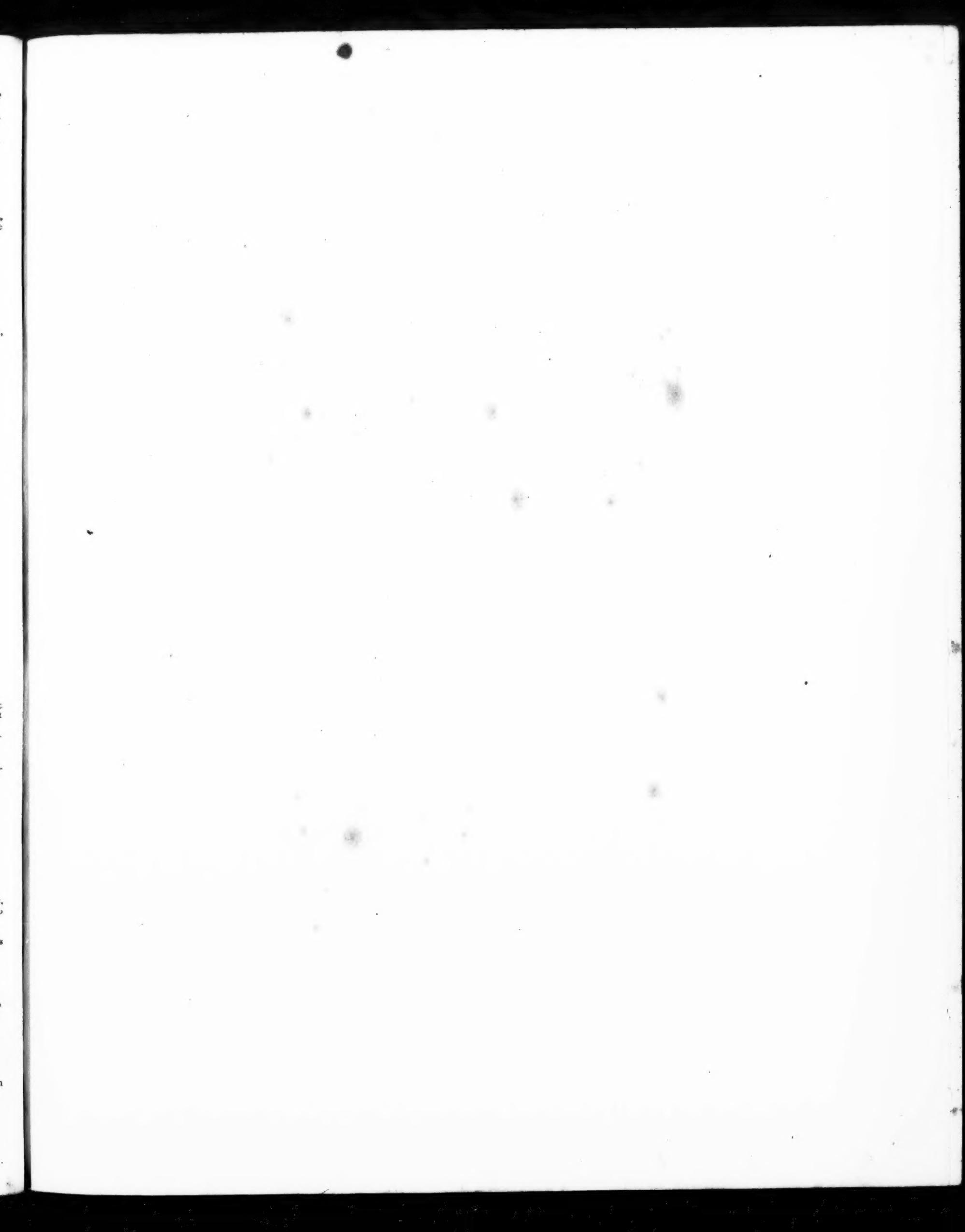
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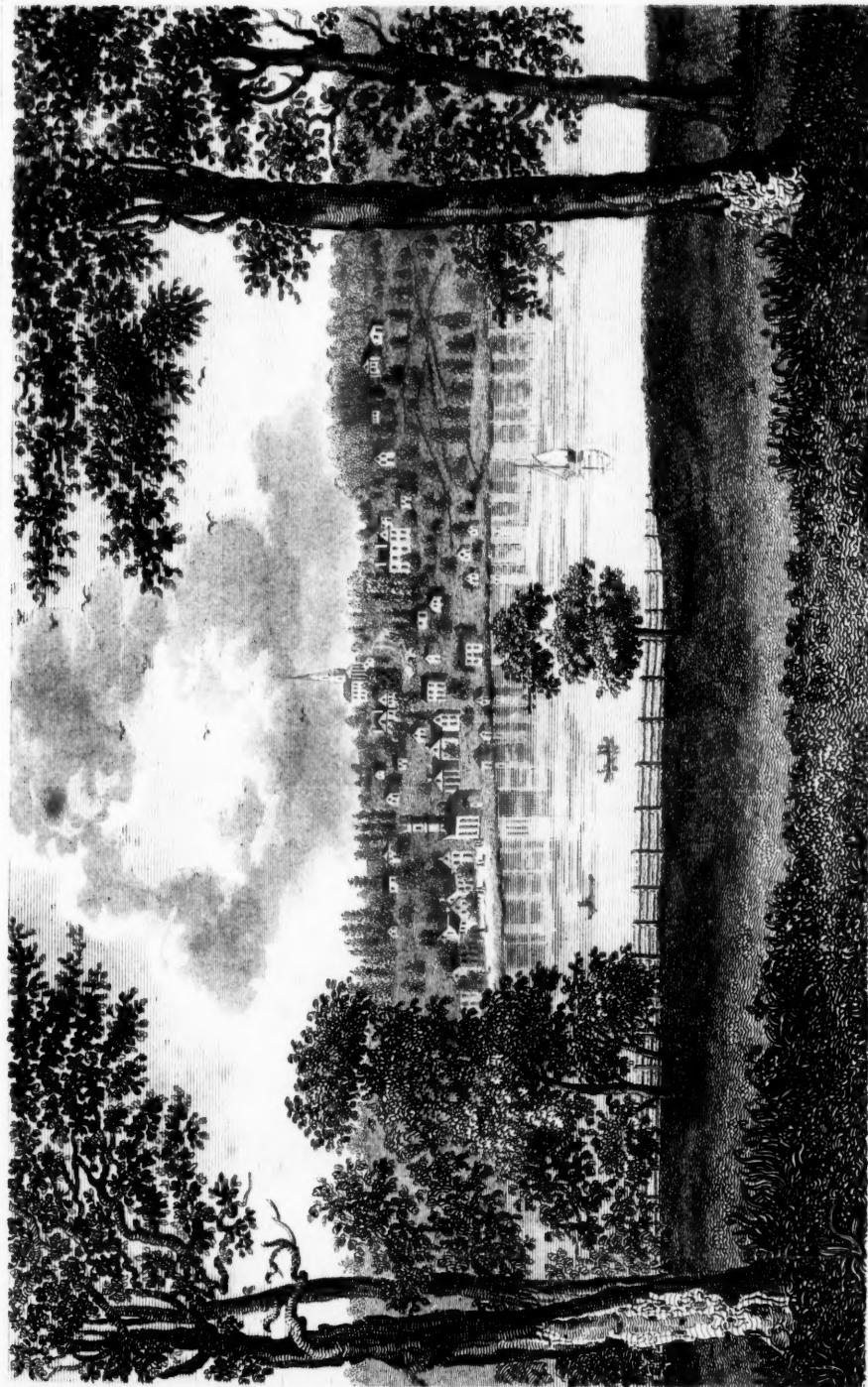
Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,  
And suffer crimes thou wantst the power to  
punish.  
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly:  
Search, and know all mankind's mysterious  
ways;  
But trust the secret of thy soul to none,  
This is the way,  
This only, to be safe in such a world as this.  
*Rouse's Ulysses.*

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EVERY OTHER SATURDAY,  
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AT THE OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN,  
NO. 95½ CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.  
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Coastal village of S. J. R. H., from a sketch by G. G. Davis.